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found, and where art will be presented to us in its most attractive form. For it would appear that we must gild around art to make the people thoroughly enjoy it—it would need no gilding if we all thoroughly understood and appreciated it, but we do not; hence the larger the number of galleries such as Mr. Putnam's, the greater will be the chance of bringing painters and pictures prominently before the public.

Prominent among the pictures which attract the eye at this gallery is a picture, by Flagg, of "Columbus and the Egg." Mr. Flagg's picture does not attract the eye from its merit, however, but rather from its glaring demerits. It is a curious picture this—a kind of negative work. It has its good points, but they are so greatly overshadowed by its bad ones, that it is somewhat difficult to distinguish them. The color is unquestionably rich and luminous, although affected; but the drawing is so intensely funny that one is almost apt to pass over this one merit and utterly condemn the entire work. This would hardly be fair. Mr. Flagg has evidently devoted much time and attention to this picture, and so far as color goes, has made a success; but he has the same bad fault that characterizes much of our figure painting—a purely superficial knowledge of composition. Were the figures in his picture grouped more gracefully and less stiff in drawing, it might be a meritorious work.

McEntee has here two pictures painted in his best vein; "Autumn" and "Esopus Valley." The first is one of those exquisite pieces of autumn coloring in which Mr. McEntee takes such delight, the second a gorgeous sunset, which, for richness of color and vigor of execution, is simply charming.

Bierstadt has a sunset, too, which is decidedly fine. It is a small picture, but is lacking in all that photographic minuteness with which Mr. Bierstadt is so apt to fill his pictures, to the great detriment of their artistic value and truthfulness to nature.

A "Sunset over the Sea," by J. S. Barrow, is particularly worthy of mention as giving great promise of future excellence. The sky is painted with great delicacy and feeling, while the water is wonderfully transparent and full of motion.

Some "Partridge Chickens," by Waterman, are particularly commendable for their fine color and intrinsic truthfulness. I do not hesitate to say that this picture is equal, if not superior, to anything of the sort yet painted, even by Tait, who has made this style of subject a speciality.

A delightful little picture is Brevoort's "Frosty Morning." Mr. Brevoort is an artist who always brings us face to face with nature. There is never anything forced or sensational in his work, but it is always marked by delicacy, purity and grace.

An "Adirondack Lake," by Hows, is one of the best works we have yet had from the pencil of this artist. Mr. Hows would appear to work *con amore* in his treatment of Adirondack subjects, some of the pictures he has given us of this region giving a more thorough idea of the wildness and spirit of the country than any we have ever seen. The present work is pre-eminently noticeable for its sweet color, and admirable feeling of atmosphere.

The artists still linger, &c., &c., &c. I am so heartily tired of writing this sentence, as is probably the whole critical fraternity, that it would be a real charity on the part of the artists to come to town and do away with the necessity for it.

The panorama of the "Pilgrim," now on exhibition at "Bunyan Hall," late Dr. Cheever's Church, will well repay a visit. The pictures are unquestionably the finest that have ever been seen in a panorama in this city. I hope to give an extended notice of the exhibition next week.

PALETTA.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Mr. J. W. Wallack was welcomed by a large and enthusiastic audience at Wallack's on Monday evening. The play was Douglas Jerrold's doleful "Rent Day," than which a more lachrymose drama is probably not extant. Mr. Wallack's *Martin Heywood* is a careful, conscientious piece of acting, but the rôle is evidently uncongenial to him. In the "Dangerous Game," he appears to much greater advantage as *Baron de Villepreux*; he gives us some really splendid acting, the scene in the last act being particularly worthy of mention. Next week, Mr. E. L. Davenport will make his first appearance this season in "Still Waters Run Deep," and that indefinite thing an "original drama," is underlined for speedy production.

"Marie Antoinette" has proved to be Madame Ristori's greatest success. The French Theatre is nightly crowded to witness this *chef d'œuvre* of dramatic art. A second seeing of the performance but corroborates the opinions formed at the first. That this is the finest piece of acting Ristori has yet given us, there is not a shadow of a doubt. From the first scene of merriment and brilliancy at Versailles, to that last picture of misery and grief in the Conciergerie, she is always *Marie Antoinette*. Always the faithful wife, tender-hearted mother—queen. We lose sight of the individuality of Madame Ristori, and she is merged into *Marie Antoinette*. Sig. Bozzo, too, as *Louis*, deserves almost equal praise. His performance of the part is marked by great care and true dramatic fervor, and were it not for the badness of his "make up," would be almost

perfect. How so thorough an artist as Sig. Bozzo should fall into so grave an error, is somewhat astonishing. Sig. Glech's *Lafayette* is a most consummate piece of acting; his agitation and excitement in the grand scene of the first act is without exception the most thoroughly natural thing of the sort that has been seen upon the New York stage for years.

Madame Ristori bids farewell to New York at a matinee to-day, and next week we are to have Mr. Bateman's new troupe of French artists, who will open on Tuesday evening next in "Le Roman d'un jeune homme Pauvre." Mlle. Deborah, the leading lady, and Mons. Roche, the leading gentleman, are both highly spoken of.

Mme. Janauschek's success at the Academy of Music has not been an uproarious, but, for all that, a thoroughly genuine one. Her "Medea" and "Deborah" are both marked by an almost pre-Raphaelite finish, and elaboration of detail. She aims more at nature than effect. Strong points are often lost, but to make amends for this the entire performance is marked by equability, and consummate art. An art which consists in being natural. This Mme. Janauschek is in every part she has undertaken. We are never shocked by extravagance or exaggeration, but in their places find a pure dramatic fervor and power, which, never passing probability, always gives us a truthful and life-like characterization of the part represented.

At Banvard's Opera House, the "Devil's Auction" is in the hey-day of success. The scenery works better now, and the actors are becoming better fitted to their separate rôles. Next week, Mme. Morlacchi, the *première danseuse* of the company, will make her first appearance; in the meantime Mlle. Sohlke's *Hungarian Polka* is turning the heads of many people.

Mr. Forrest closed his engagement at the Broadway Theatre last Friday evening, and this week Miss Julia Dean has appeared in a round of her favorite characters to well filled houses.

At the Olympic, Mr. Jefferson takes his farewell benefit this evening. On Monday next "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be produced, with gorgeous new scenery and costumes. Miss Fanny Stockton has been engaged for the rôle of *Oberon*, and G. L. Fox will convulse everybody with his comicalities as *Bottom*.

The "French Spy," that most marvellous combination of legs, red fire and French flags, has been shelved at the New York Theatre, and the "Angel of Midnight," a mysterious, blood-chilling melodrama, has been substituted in its place, giving Mlle. Zoe an opportunity to appear in a speaking part, which must be a treat!

SHUGGE.